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red and gold, and the many illustrations graceful and charming. Of the story itself enough has long ago been said to make it too well known to need further comment.

**PEOPLE OF THE WHIRLPOOL.** From the Experience Book of a Commuter's Wife. With eight full-page illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

The Commuter's Wife begins her selections from her experience book with the pleasantest intentions toward us all. Even in selecting her pen she is regardful, and chooses a stub pen which "assists one to straightforward, truthful expression, while a fine point suggests evasion, polite equivocation, or thin ideas." Our benefactress presents her observations upon life from a warm, sweet heart, a quick, satirical mind, a broad grasp, and great human sympathy. She is surrounded by a group of very clearly presented persons who fit perfectly into her life and produce their distinct impressions upon us. An exception to this is her husband, Evan, who, we are grieved to confess, impresses us mainly as a very proper, convenient sort of person, a trifle dogmatic, and who appears at suitable times with his eyes either "steely" or "looking steely cold." He is an Englishman, and this may account for things.

The course of the book runs smoothly and forms a pleasant narrative in spite of the fact that its main value is in its observations of people and conditions, notably in connection with that seething, restless mass that calls itself New York, the idea of the title being derived from the Indian name of the dwellers Monahtans, Manhattans—People of the Whirlpool—referring to the once rushing waters of Hell Gate.

The old maid of the book, having become "planted in" in her charming house in "Greenwich Village," makes herself notable in a long and very intelligent sketch of the old times versus the new. Martin Cortwright, the bachelor friend and bookworm, gives true food for thought in the following words: "Then, too, the rack of constant change is detrimental to the finer grade of civic sentiment. It would seem that the island's significant Indian name was wrought

into its physical construction like the curse that kept the Jew of fable a wanderer. Periodically the city is rent and upheaved in unison with the surrounding changes of tide. Here one does not need to live his three score years and ten to see the city of his youth slip away from him. Even his *Alma Mater* packs her trunks and moves about too rapidly to foster the undying home spirit among her sons—my college has lived in three houses since my freshman year. How I envy the sons of Harvard, Yale, and all the rest who can go back and be young again for one brief moment! Is not this the reason why so many of Columbia's sons, in spite of the magnificent opportunities she offers, send their sons elsewhere because they realize the value of associations they have missed?"

Throughout the volume are found passages suggestive, wise, witty, tender, helpful. There is a feeling sometimes that things develop so comfortably as to be created for the purpose, and the style is undoubtedly loose; but the meat is in the nut, and we say with another reviewer: "The Commuter's Wife is one we would be glad to number among our friends."

THE THOUGHTLESS THOUGHTS OF CARISABEL. By Isa Carrington Cabell.  
New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1903.

In this collection of "Thoughtless Thoughts" Isa Carrington Cabell, who is by no means an unknown writer, shows the result of an almost omnivorous reading, a daring wit, a quick sense of humor, all showing the point of view, though absolutely—except in one irrepressible touch on the "nē-groes"—without sectionalism, of a Southern gentlewoman, as she herself confesses, of the old régime.

To touch lightly on the different treatments, attention might be called to some uncommonly bright thoughts on the new man, who, she thinks, is gradually reaching the position nature intended him for, and in establishing this she proves incontrovertibly that he is particularly fitted to excel in three occupations, "those of cook, lady's maid, and nurse." In "The New Child" she holds up to sprightly ridi-